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The Mercury

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George, Wm. F. Smith, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 18, Knights of Macabees, Charles H. Crandall, Record Keeper; meets 1st and 3d Mondays.

COUNT WATSON, No. 509, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, John B. Mason, Jr., Chief Ranger; Robert Johnston, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT GOLF, No. 787, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles R. Packer, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Robert Laurie, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George L. Sutherland, Master Working; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder; meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALHON LODGE, No. 88, N. E. O. P., Mrs. Elizabeth H. Goddard, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

RENEWAL LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., Dr. F. Jerome Davis, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., St. Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

Local Matters.

Newport County Fair.

Next week occurs the annual fair by the Newport County Agricultural Society, an event that is always anticipated with much pleasure by all the residents of this county who have any interest at all in farm products. The exhibition will be held at the new grounds of the society on the East Main road near Quaker Hill.

There will be exhibits of vegetables, fruits, family productions, domestic manufactures, flowers and plants, art goods, poultry, cattle, etc. An interesting feature of the fair will be the Grange exhibit, in which the various granges of the county will compete for prizes for the best exhibit of field, farm, garden and household. Another interesting competition will be between pupils of any ungraded school in the county for prizes offered for best declamation or recitation.

On the social side there will be music and dancing free each evening to all attending the fair. There will also be a football game for a silver cup offered by Hon. R. P. Garrettsen. The fair opens on Tuesday next and continues through Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. It is well worth a visit.

The winter schedule on the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company's line will soon go into effect, the first changes from the summer schedule having been made this week. There is now but one boat a day between Newport and Providence on weekdays, leaving here at 8:05 a. m., and returning at 4:00 p. m. On Sundays there are two boats each way, leaving here at 8:05 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., and leaving Providence at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.

There was a narrow escape from a drowning accident at the beach Wednesday and only the prompt action of Dr. Conklin and Officer Tobin saved the life of the bather. A stranger from Boston was bathing at the beach when he was seen to be in distress and the life boat was hastily manned by Dr. Conklin and Officer Tobin and the man was finally brought to the beach. Dr. Burt worked over him for some time and was at last successful in restoring him to consciousness. It was a very narrow escape from death.

There was another accident at the illuminating station this week when Night Engineer Alfred Eddy was quite severely burned by coming into contact with a dynamo. His injuries were not of a serious nature.

Colonel Samuel H. Honey has arrived from Europe.

The Johnstone Funeral.

The funeral of the late Robert J. Johnstone, Jr., who died from injuries received on his way to a fire by colliding with a horse and team, took place on Sunday afternoon last. Services were held at his parents' home on Mountain street, Rev. George Whitfield Mead officiating. The remains were taken to the Thames Street Methodist Episcopal Church, where Rev. L. Streeter conducted the customary funeral services of the church. He was assisted by Rev. Mr. Mead. The cortege was escorted to the grave by the Powhatan Cyclists Club, of which the deceased was a member.

The last were Gardner Ferrent, Charles O. Samuel Speers, Samuel Dugan, George Johnson, Harold Johnson, William Barker, and Christopher Burns.

The burial was beautiful. The interment was in the Braum cemetery.

A number of friends and relatives gathered at the residence of Mr. Andrew Bryer on 1st and 2nd avenues Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. Bryer's birthday. It was taken completely by surprise and he was himself in time to partake of the pleasures of the evening. The guests brought a number of gifts to the celebration in which the host felt.

During the past week the engagement has been announced of Miss Ruth Bryan, daughter of Hon. William Jennings Bryan and Mr. William Leavitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Leavitt. The wedding will take place in the early part of November at the home of the bride's parents in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Edith Caroline Cowles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Cowles, to Mr. John Pearson, Jr., at Emmanuel Church on Tuesday noon, September 29th.

Newport Tent, No. 13, Knights of the Macabees, held their regular meeting Monday evening, when Deputy Alfred Armitage was present. One candidate was initiated. Refreshments were served after the initiation.

Out of respect to the memory of First Assistant Engineer F. H. Redmond, who recently died of typhoid fever, the flags on the steamers of the Old Colony repair shops have been at half-mast.

Marcouli has reduced the flight of intelligence across the Atlantic to one motion of the finger and the flash of a spark. And now as a start, the telephone has been operated without wires over a space of six miles.

Mr. Simeon Hazard has returned from an extended business trip to the West, where he visited the oil fields in Colorado and the copper mines in Utah.

Mr. Fred B. Coggeshall has been displaying some fine island berries the past week at his market on Washington square. The berries were raised by Mr. James Peckham.

Mrs. Zabriskie is entertaining Rev. George C. Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, at her residence on Rhode Island avenue.

Police Officer Frank Eckhardt is enjoying his annual vacation, part of which he will spend at Block Island, guest of Captain Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hatzell, who have been spending the summer in Newport, have returned to their home in New York.

Mrs. Harry Hall has returned to her home at Foxwood, N. J., after a week's visit to her sister, Mrs. T. Mumford Seabury, Jr.

Mr. Frank Stanley, who has been visiting his father, Mr. Ira N. Stanley, has returned to his home in Brooklyn.

Much needed repairs are being made by the highway department to Bridge street.

Mr. Otis D. Sleeper was able to walk out the past week, after being confined to his home by illness since last May.

At the annual convention of the State Federation of Labor in Pawtucket this week it was voted to hold the next annual convention in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Murphy have taken up their residence in Roxbury, Mass.

Chief Engineer Kirwin has returned from the firemen's convention at Atlantic City.

The torpedo boat destroyers have returned to the Torpedo Station.

Mr. James T. Wright is enjoying a week's vacation.

Wedding Bells.

Yarnell-Thomas.

Miss Carroll Thomas, daughter of Captain Charles Mitchell Thomas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Thomas, was married to Lieutenant Harry Irving Yarnell, U. S. N., at Kay Chapel Tuesday noon. Rev. E. J. Dennen officiated.

The chapel was prettily decorated for the occasion.

The bride wore a handsome gown of white satin and a white tulle veil, caught up with a spray of orange blossoms. Her bridal bouquet was of lilacs of the valley and gardenias. Miss Mary Ramsey of Washington was maid of honor and she wore a dress of pink and white organdy over white silk and a pink picture hat. Her bouquet was of pink roses. Miss Elizabeth Salda and Miss Ruth Thomas were flower girls. They wore dresses of white point d'esprit and carried bouquets of magnolias. The duties of best man were performed by Lieut. Walton R. Sexton, U. S. N., and the ushers were Lieutenants Leonard R. Sargent, Daniel S. Mahoney, Charles P. Nelson and Ensign Samuel B. Thomas.

A reception followed at the La Forge cottage where the bride's family have apartments. A breakfast was served on eight tables.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Yarnell left in the afternoon for Boston on a wedding trip.

Colored Knights Templars.

The twenty-first grand convocation of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Knights Templars, (colored) was held in this city on Wednesday. There was a fairly large attendance of delegates from the various commanderies in the jurisdiction, and also Mount Calvary Commandery, No. 4, of Washington, D. C., was here as the guests of Benjamin B. Gardner Commandery, No. 6, of this city. Dinner was served in Odd Fellows Hall after which the convocation was called to order in the commandery room in the Gas Building. At 2:30 there was a street parade over the principal streets of the city. The line was headed by the local commandery and its guests presented a very creditable appearance as the line moved through the streets.

After the parade the business meeting was resumed and in the evening there was a dance given in honor of the visiting Sir Knights.

The autumn dahlia show of the Newport Horticultural Society occurs at Masonic Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, and like all the exhibitions of this society will be well worth attending. The exhibition will include plants, flowers, fruits and ferns. Liberal prizes have been offered by the society and there will undoubtedly be creditable exhibits. The Newport Horticultural Society has established an enviable reputation for holding floral exhibitions of a high order.

At the last meeting of the city council a special committee was appointed to investigate the desirability of building a tunnel for a sewer to drain that section of Kay street and vicinity which is now without drainage. The committee met this week and organized by the election of Councilman William S. Rogers as chairman. The city engineer was instructed to prepare plans and estimates of the cost to be submitted to the city council.

Mr. F. B. Smith, secretary of the International committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, addressed a men's meeting at the Newport Opera House last Sunday afternoon, his subject being "A Strong Man". The attendance was large and very attentive. The speaker had a very interesting manner and held the close attention of his auditors.

Mr. William B. Scott has severed his connection with the Geo. A. Weaver Company after twenty-five years connection with the establishment and is preparing to open a store of his own. He was presented with a suitably inscribed cup by his fellow employees upon leaving the store.

Mr. Thomas Pettitt has gone to Boston to enter upon his new duties with the Racquet and Tennis Club of that city. Before leaving the Casino here he was presented with a handsome cup by some of the ladies who have used the courts at the Casino this summer.

It is reported that the wedding of Miss May Golet to the Duke of Roxburgh will take place in New York early in November, and not at Newport as was first supposed.

Steamer Priocilla was unable to carry all the freight at the dock Monday night, and consequently a large amount was left behind.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee, the first since the summer vacation, was held on Monday evening with all members present except two. The report of Superintendent Lull was largely composed of matters incident to the opening of the schools. The report in part was as follows:

The new year of the public schools opened Tuesday, September 8. The only addition to the teaching corps is in the Rogers, and it is caused by a transfer of a part of the school work to the Coles laboratories, which have been placed in charge of Frank M. Greenwood. Three of the regular grade teachers are unable to resume their duties and in their places are two substitutes and a teacher transferred from a lower grade for one year. The supervisor of drawing was detained for duty today. The total number of teachers is 91; of elected assistants, 3; of members of the training classes, not substitutes, 15; of appointed assistants now at work, 12.

The new bounds were known in advance to be experimental and preliminary for at least three reasons—first, the crowded conditions of the schools; second, the mistakes in numbers reported last June owing to misinterpretation of the bounds; and third, the moving of families in the city and into the city. Considering all these fluctuations, the new bounds are surprisingly accurate. The pupils, although many have been much disappointed, have recognized the necessity of a more business-like procedure than in the past and with few exceptions have sacrificed their own feelings for the general welfare. After this year the bounds will become ancient history and practically no discussion or controversy will be provoked by them.

No bounds, however, can rectify the trouble in the southern half of the city. The three buildings have reached their limit and the Coddington in its lowest grades cannot hold the children that should be assigned to it from the streets directly north of the schoolhouse. There is need of new accommodations not further north than Church street.

The total enrollment today is 3,333. It is divided as follows: Clarke 119, Callender 157, Calver 408, Carey 641, Coddington 600, Coggeshall 351, Cranston 238, Edward-Farewell 179, Lenthal 423, Parish 21, Potter 181, Rogers 805. Of the 305 in the high school, 233 are seated in Rogers. A peculiarity of this number 305 is the fact that it is the same as the total enrollment of last year.

Books and supplies of all kinds were delivered to the schools Friday, September 4, and so the regular work could begin promptly. The exchange of the old edition of the advanced geography for the new has now been completed. Grade VIII is furnished with new arithmetic, the whole of which is the assignment for the year.

This year the new course of study for the Rogers has reached grade XIII and is accordingly in use in the whole school. It is unnecessary to state that 233 pupils in a house built for less than half that number work a hardship to teachers and pupils. The rooms are so small and the classes so large that more teaching help is needed and the committee on teachers should be instructed to consider this need and take the proper steps to meet it. Grade X numbers 148. In grade IX there are now 174 and therefore the prospect for next year is rather discouraging.

On recommendation of the committee on text books Atwell's Exercises in Algebra was adopted. On recommendation of the committee on teachers the committee was given authority to engage an extra teacher for the high school if it shall prove necessary.

The committee on buildings recommended the re-election of all the present janitors and recommended an increase of salary for the janitors of Rogers, Lenthal, Coggeshall and Edward-Farewell. The committee also recommended that the salary of the janitors of the Industrial school be increased, \$200 for Mr. Bennett and \$10 for Mrs. Tracy, and that they have the care of the new Coles building. The recommendations were adopted and janitors were elected as follows:

Rogers—George H. Young, \$575. Coddington—Arnold H. James, \$700.

Lenthal—Francis G. Wilbur, \$600. Carey—William Gash, \$600.

Clarke—Frank P. Gomes, \$600. Cranston—Frank P. Klug, \$550.

Calver—Alphonso Barker, \$600. Coles—Henry M. Young, \$600.

Potter and Callender—J. W. Bachelier, \$600.

Edward-Farewell—Daniel J. Ayler, \$600.

Parish—Catherine Casey, \$100. Townsend—John H. Bennett, \$600.

Townsend—Johnanna Tracy, \$600.

A petition from the janitor of the Coddington school asking for more pay was referred to the committee on buildings to report.

Objection was made by some parents living in the bounds of the Clarke school to sending their children to that school. The matter was talked over by the committee and was finally referred to the committee on buildings.

William Gammell Seabury.

Mr. William Gammell Seabury died at the Newport Hospital early Thursday evening after a long illness. Although suffering from a dangerous infection he bore his sufferings with great bravery, allowing never a word of complaint to pass his lips. He had been ill for many months and had been at the hospital since last April.

Mr. Seabury was born on January 1, 1827. He was for a long time employed in the store of his brother, Hon. T. Mumford Seabury, but failing health and increasing age compelled him to withdraw from business a number of years ago. His wife, who was a daughter of the late Zenas L. Hammond died some time since leaving no children.

Mr. Seabury is survived by two brothers, Messrs. T. Mumford Seabury and John E. Seabury. Funeral services will be held on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The season at the shore resorts is about at an end as far as the excursion business is concerned, although many of the cottagers will remain here for some weeks yet. The schedules on the steamer lines have been modified for early fall and soon the winter time tables will go into effect. Last Sunday was a fairly good day for the excursion steamers, and in fact they had more business than had been prepared for as the unexpectedly hot weather drove more people to the seashore than had been crowded at the beach during the day but when the fog came rolling in during the middle of the afternoon there was a general exodus from the beach and more protected places were sought.

The Fort Adams base ball team has won the cup offered by ex-Mayor Garrettsen in the Army and Navy series, and on Thursday evening the donor of the cup entertained the members of all the competing teams at a dinner in the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. rooms on Thames street. After the dinner speeches were made and the cup was presented to the winning team by Mr. Garrettsen.

The Newport Artillery Company has held a very successful rummage sale at the armory on Clarke street this week and a very tidy sum was netted toward the rapidly growing uniform fund. The fund has now reached the sum of \$600 and only about \$300 more is needed to secure the necessary uniforms for the New York trip.

A memorial service was held at St. Mary's Church Thursday in memory of the late Francis Brockholst Cutting. Rev. Father Mennan conducted the service and celebrated mass. The altar was beautifully decorated. During the service Mr. Thomas Connolly and Miss Mary Shanteler sang several selections.

Attention is called to the changes in the time table of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company. The new schedule is published on the eighth page of this paper. The first train of the day from Newport is taken off, the changes to go into effect on Sunday next.

The fog that has prevailed about Newport during the past week has been one of the worst ever known and has been the cause of a number of accidents which have only been prevented from being serious calamities by vigilance on the part of those in charge.

Mr. Michael J. Sullivan of Lee avenue committed suicide at his home on Saturday of last week, by taking Paris green. Despondency seemed to be the cause. A widow and several children survive him.

Mrs. W. Watts Sherman is ill at her residence in this city and her friends are much concerned over her illness.

Chief Engineer Andrew J. Kirwin has returned from Atlantic City, where he has been attending the convention of fire chiefs.

Alexander C. Hunter, alias Jameson, has pleaded guilty to soliciting alms and has been sentenced to 6 months in Providence County Jail.

Rev. Henry N. Jeter is in Philadelphia, attending the National Baptist convention there.

Jamestown.

The Newport Convocation met Wednesday at St. Matthew's Church. At 11 o'clock a. m. there was a celebration of the Holy Communion and at 3 p. m. a business meeting was in order.

Mr. Rufus C. Harvey of Weymouth and Mrs. Maud M. Spence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Spence, were quietly married Thursday morning. Rev. W. D. Macdonald officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey left for Weymouth where they will reside.

The telephone offices will be kept open until September 25.

Two Steamer Accidents.

The dense fog that prevailed around the harbor and bay during the early part of the week played havoc with traffic in this vicinity and that there were no serious accidents was due to the watchful care exercised by the commanders of the many vessels plying in these waters. In spite of the utmost care on the part of her experienced commander, Captain "Lam" Dodge, the handsome steamer New Shoreham went ashore on the little beach at Fort Adams last Sunday night, having mislaid her bearings in the dense fog that prevailed. After being pulled off by a tug the steamer anchored in the bay until the fog lifted and it was about one o'clock in the morning when she pulled in to her dock here and landed her Newport passengers. She then proceeded to Providence and the following day was put into dry dock there. It was found that her injuries were of a very trivial nature.

The Mount Hope, which also runs to Block Island during the summer, also met with a mishap on her last trip from the island on Tuesday. While off Fort Adams her tiller chain parted and she was obliged to whistle for assistance. A tug put out from here and towed her to her wharf. Her chain was repaired here and she proceeded to Providence without delay.

There was also an accident at Block Island during the fog when a large west went down at the island and her crew were rescued with difficulty by the men of the life saving station there.

Middletown.

A very enjoyable dance was held Tuesday evening in the upper story of Carr's blacksmith shop, corner of Paradise avenue and Green End avenue, by the Paradise Athletic Club. Music was furnished by the Harry K. Howard orchestra.

A handful of good sized ripe strawberries has been picked each day for three days in succession this week, upon the farm of Elisha A. Peckham. Many of the strawberry beds are showing a considerable number of strawberry blossoms also.

A most interesting service was held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel Sunday last, in memory of the late Bishop Clark. The Rev. John B. Diman was the officiating clergyman, assisted in the afternoon by the Rev. Arthur Rogers of West Chester, Pa. Both of these gentlemen were ordained by the bishop and were his pall bearers. The chapel was tastefully and appropriately draped in hangings of black and purple with a profusion of white and pink flowers at the front and upon the altar. The sermon and the hymns were selected with a fine appropriateness to the occasion. A large congregation was present. The memorial window of Caroline Howard Clark, the Bishop's wife, was very tastefully decorated with pure white flowers.

Through the interest of Mrs. William R. Hunter the Wyal School has been made most attractive. The walls have been tiled, floor oil, pictures placed upon the walls and lace curtains at the windows. Lawn sofas have been placed about the grounds and a croquet set put in position. Mrs. Hunter has expressed a desire to add in making the schoolroom of the town as inviting as possible. This is but one of the many ways in which this commendable and sensible woman has endeavored to make life pleasant and brighter for the community of her adoption.

Mr. R. W. H. Peckham is making extensive repairs upon the home of Mrs. Samuel Arnold, "Lark Lane," Third Beach Road.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O. D. Taylor has sold for Mrs. Victoria A. Rumball a fine lot of land containing 4.800 square feet at the corner of Tenth street and Kay street to Mr. Job A. Peckham, who has transferred it to Deane Charles W. Stewart. The last named gentleman will erect his professional residence thereon.

Wm. E. Brightman has moved for Mrs. B. Sullivan her former residence on Richards ave. to Mr. Wm. E. Wright.

C. H. Wrightington has rented for Mrs. Caroline T. Wilson of Newark, N. J., her cottage house and stable at No. 2 Friendship street, near South wick. Herbert W. Smith for one year from October 1st.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for P. H. Hogan his former residence on Oak street to Mrs. Mordred Lyons.

C. H. Wrightington has rented for Mrs. Stephen McKim her house and stable at her home on Elm and 2nd streets to F. E. Good.

Mrs. Nicholas Stron and son have rented their place on the beach city side of Narragansett to Joseph Harrington for 1904.

John A. Peckham has sold to Dr. Charles W. Stewart the lot of land at the corner of Tenth and Kay streets.

William E. Brightman has sold to Mrs. W. W. H. Peckham the lot of land at the corner of Tenth and Kay streets.

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THE SKY PILOT

By

RALPH CONNOR

Author of

"The Man from Glenmary"

"Mystery Mountain" and "Black Hawk"

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CHAPTER XII.

Gwen's Canyon.

Gwen's hope and bright courage, in spite of all her pain, were wonderful to witness. But all this cheerful hope and courage and patience sufficed only as a candle, leaving no darkness to settle down in that sick room, from the day of the doctors' consultation.

The verdict was clear and final. The old doctor, who loved Gwen as his own, was inclined to hope against hope, but Fawcett, the clever young doctor from the distant town, was positive in his opinion. The scene is clear to me now, after many years. We three stood in the outer room, the Duke and her father were with Gwen. No earnest was the discussion that none of us heard the door open just as young Fawcett was saying in incisive tones:

"Not I can see no hope. The child can never walk again."

There was a cry behind us. "What! Never walk again? It's a lie!" There stood the Old Timer, white, fierce, shaking.

"Hush!" said the old doctor, pointing at the open door. He was too late. Even as he spoke there came from the inner room a wild, unearthly cry as of some dying thing, and, as we stood gazing at one another with awe-stricken faces, we heard Gwen's voice, as in quick, sharp pain.

"Daddy! Daddy! Come! What do they say? Tell me, daddy. It is not true! It is not true! Look at me, daddy!"

She pulled up her father's baggard face from the bed.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, you know it's true. Never walk again!"

She turned with a pitiful cry to the Duke, who stood white and stiff, with arms drawn tight across his breast, on the other side of the bed.

"Oh, Duke, did you hear them? You told me to be brave, and I tried not to cry when they hurt me. But I can't be brave! Can I, Duke? Oh, Duke! Never to ride again!"

She stretched out her hands to him. But the Duke, leaning over her and holding her hands fast in his, could only say brokenly over and over:

"Don't, Gwen! Don't, Gwen, dear!"

But the pitiful, pleading voice went on:

"Oh, Duke! Must I always lie here! Must I? Why must I?"

"God knows," answered the Duke bitterly, under his breath, "I don't!"

She sat at the word.

"Does he?" she cried eagerly. Then she paused suddenly, turned to me and said, "Do you remember he said some day I could not do as I liked?"

I was puzzled.

"The Pilot!" she cried impatiently. "Don't you remember? And I said I should do as I liked till I died."

I nodded my head and said, "But you know you didn't mean it."

"But I did, and I do," she cried, with passionate vehemence, "and I will do as I like. I will not lie here! I will ride! I will! I will! I will!" and she struggled up, clinched her fists and sank back faint and weak. It was not a pleasant sight, but gruesome. Her rage against that Unseen Omnipotence was so defiant and so helpless.

Those were dreadful weeks to Gwen and to all about her. The constant pain could not break her proud spirit; she shed no tears, but she fretted and chafed and grew more imperiously exacting every day. Ponka and Joe she drove like a slave master, and even her father, when he could not understand her wishes, she impatiently banished from her room. Only the Duke could please or bring her any cheer, and even the Duke began to feel that the day was not far off when he, too, would fail, and the thought made him despair. Her pain was hard to bear, but harder than the pain was her longing for the open air and the free, flower strewn, breeze swept prairie. But most pitiful of all were the days when to her utter weariness and uncontrollable unrest she would pray to be taken down into the canyon.

"Oh, it is so cool and shady," she would plead, "and the flowers up in the rocks and the vines and things are all so lovely. I am always better there. I know I should be better," till the Duke would be distracted and would come to me and wonder what the end would be.

One day, when the strain had been more terrible than usual, the Duke rode down to me and said:

"Look here. This thing can't go on. Where is the Pilot gone? Why doesn't he stay where he belongs? I wish to heaven he would get through with his absurd rambling."

"He's gone where he was sent," I replied shortly. "You don't set much store by him when he does come round. He is gone on an exploring trip through the Dog Lake country. He'll be back by the end of next week."

"I say, bring him up, for heaven's sake!" said the Duke. "He may be of some use, and anyway it will be a new face for her, poor child." Then he added, rather penitently: "I fear this thing is getting on to my nerves. She almost drove me out today. Don't lay it up against me, old chap."

It was a new thing to hear the Duke confess his need of any man, much less patience for a fault. I felt my eyes growing dim, but I said roughly:

"You be hanged! I'll bring the Pilot up when he comes."

It was wonderful how we had all come to confide in the Pilot during his year of missionary work among us. Somehow the cowboy's name of "Sky Pilot" seemed to express better than anything else the place he held with us. Certain it is that when, in their dark hours, any of the fellows felt in need of help to strike the "upward trail" they went to the Pilot, and so the name that given in chaff came to be the name that expressed most truly

the deep and tender feeling those rough, big hearted men cherished for him.

When the Pilot came home I carefully prepared him for his trial, telling all that Gwen had suffered and striving to make him feel how desperate was her case when even the Duke had to confess himself beaten. He did not seem sufficiently impressed. Then I pictured for him all her fierce willfulness and her fretful humors, her impatience with those who loved her and were wearing out their souls and bodies for her. "In short," I concluded, "she doesn't care a rush for anything in heaven or earth, and will yield to neither man nor God."

"The Pilot's eyes had been kindling as I talked, but he only answered quietly: 'What could you expect?'"

"Well, I do think she might show some signs of gratitude and some gentleness toward those ready to die for her."

"Oh, you do!" said he with high scorn. "You all combine to ruin her temper and disposition with foolish flattery and weak yielding to her whims, right or wrong; you smile at her imperious pride and encourage her willfulness, and then not only wonder at the results, but blame her, poor child, for all. Oh, you are a fine lot, the Duke and all of you!"

He had a most exasperating ability for putting one in the wrong, and I could only think of the proper and sufficient reply long after the opportunity for making it had passed. I wondered what the Duke would say to this doctrine. All the following day, which was Sunday, I could see that Gwen was on the Pilot's mind. He was struggling with the problem of pain.

Monday morning found us on the way to the Old Timer's ranch, and what a morning it was! How beautiful our world seemed! About us rolled the round topped, velvet hills, brown and yellow or faintly green, spreading out behind us to the broad prairie, and before, clambering up and up to meet the purple bases of the great mountains that lay their mighty length along the horizon and thrust up white, sunlit peaks into the blue sky. On the hillside and down in the sheltering hollows we could see the bunches of cattle and horses feeding upon the rich grasses. High above, the sky, cloudless and blue, arched its great kindly roof from prairie to mountain peaks, and over all, above, below, upon prairie, hillside and mountains, the sun poured his floods of radiant yellow light.

As we followed the trail that wound up and into the heart of these rounded hills and ever nearer to the purple mountains, the morning breeze swept down to meet us, bearing a thousand scents and filling us with its own fresh life. One can know the quickening joyousness of these foothill breezes only after he has drunk with wide open mouth deep and full of them.

Through all this mingling beauty of sunlit hills and shady hollows and purple, snow peaked mountains we rode with hardly a word, every minute adding to our heart filling delight, but ever with the thought of the little room where, shut in from all this outside glory, lay Gwen, heart sore with fretting and longing. This must have been in the Pilot's mind, for he suddenly held up his horse and burst out:

"Poor Gwen, how she loves all this! It is her very life. How can she help fretting the heart out of her? To see this so more!" He flung himself off his brocade and said, as if thinking aloud: "It is too awful! Oh, it is cruel! I don't wonder at her! God help me, what can I say to her?"

He threw himself down upon the grass and turned over on his face. After a few minutes he appeared to me, and his face was sorely troubled.

"How can one go to her? It seems to me sheerest mockery to speak of pa-

chattering where it threw itself down the rugged rocks and soft murmuring where it lingered about the roots of the loving, listening elms. A cool, sweet, soothing place it was, with all its shades and sounds and silences, and, best of all, it was, the sharp, quick silences danced and laughed down through all its leaves upon mosses, flowers and rocks. No wonder that the Pilot, drawing a deep breath as he touched the prairie sod again, said:

"That does me good. It is better at times even than the sunny hills. This was Gwen's best spot."

I saw that the canyon had done its work with him. His face was strong and calm as the hills on a summer morning, and with this face he looked in upon Gwen. It was one of her bad days and one of her bad moods, but like a summer breeze he burst into the little room.

"Oh, Gwen," he cried, without a word of greeting, much less of commiseration, "we have had such a ride! And he spread out the sunlit, round topped hills before her till I could feel their very breezes in my face. This the Duke had never dared to do, fearing to grieve her with pictures of what she should look upon no more. But as the Pilot talked, before she knew, Gwen was out again upon her beloved hills breathing their fresh, sunny air, filling her heart with their multitudinous delights till her eyes grew bright and the lines of fretting smoothed out of her face and she forgot her pain.

Then, before she could remember, he had her down into the canyon, feasting her heart with its airs and sights and sounds. The black, glistening rocks, tricked out with moss and trailing vines, the great elms and low, green cedars, the oaks and shivering poplars, the clematis and columbine hanging from the rocky nooks and the vio-

lets and maiden hair deep bedded in their mosses.

All this and far more he showed her with a touch so light as not to shake the morning dew from bell or leaf or flower, and with a voice so soft and full of music as to fill our hearts with the canyon's mingling sounds, and as I looked upon her face I said to myself, "Dear old Pilot, for this I shall always love you well." As poor Gwen listened the rapture of it drew the big tears down her cheeks, alas, no longer brown, but white, and for that day at least the dull, dead weariness was lifted from her heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CANYON FLOWERS.

THE Pilot's first visit to Gwen had been a triumph. But none knew better than he that the light was still to come, for deep in Gwen's heart were thoughts whose pain made her forget all other.

"Was it God let me fall?" she asked abruptly one day, and the Pilot knew the light was on, but he only answered, looking fearlessly into her eyes:

"Yes, Gwen, dear."

"Why did he let me fall?" And her voice was very deliberate.

"I don't know, Gwen, dear," said the Pilot steadily. "He knows."

"And does he know I shall never ride again? Does he know how long the days are and the night when I can't sleep? Does he know?"

"Yes, Gwen, dear," said the Pilot, and the tears were standing in his eyes, though his voice was still steady enough.

"Are you sure he knows?" The voice was painfully intense.

"Listen to me, Gwen," began the Pilot in great distress, but she cut him short.

"Are you quite sure he knows? Answer me!" she cried with her old imperiousness.

"Yes, Gwen, he knows all about you."

"Then what do you think of him, just because he's big and strong, treating a little girl that way?" Then she added viciously: "I hate him! I don't care! I hate him!"

But the Pilot did not wince. I wondered how he would solve that problem that was puzzling not only Gwen but her father and the Duke and all of us—the why of human pain.

"Gwen," said the Pilot, as if changing the subject, "did it hurt to put on the plaster jacket?"

"You just bet!" said Gwen, lapsing in her English, as the Duke was not present. "It was worse than anything—awful! They had to straighten me out, you know." And she shuddered at the memory of that pain.

"What a pity your father or the Duke was not here!" said the Pilot earnestly.

"Why, they were both here!"

"What a cruel shame!" burst out the Pilot. "Don't they care for you any more?"

"Of course they do," said Gwen indignantly.

"Why didn't they stop the doctors from hurting you so cruelly?"

"Why, they let the doctors. It is going to help me to sit up and perhaps to walk about a little," answered Gwen, with blue gray eyes open wide.

"Oh," said the Pilot. "It was very mean to stand by and see you hurt like that."

"Why, you silly," replied Gwen impatiently, "they want my back to get straight and strong."

"Oh, then they didn't do it just for fun or for nothing?" said the Pilot innocently.

Gwen gazed at him in amazed and speechless wrath, and he went on:

"I mean they love you though they let you be hurt, or, rather, they let the doctors hurt you because they loved you and wanted to make you better."

Gwen kept her eyes fixed with curious earnestness upon his face till the light began to dawn.

"Do you mean," she began slowly, "that though God let me fall he loves me?"

The Pilot nodded. He could not trust his voice.

"I wonder if it can be true," she said, as if to herself, and soon we said goodby and came away—the Pilot long and voluble, but I triumphant, for I began to see a little lighter to Gwen.

But the light was by no means over. Indeed it was hardly begun. For when the autumn came, with its glory, the purple days, most glorious of all days in the cattle country, the old restlessness came back and the Pilot refused

to set out. Then came the day of the round up. Why should she have to stay while all went after the cattle? The Duke would have remained, but she impatiently sent him away. She was weary and heart sick, and worst of all, she began to feel that most terrible of burdens, the burden of her life to others. I was much relieved when the Pilot came in fresh and bright waving a bunch of wild flowers in his hand.

"I thought they were all gone!" he cried. "Where do you think I found them? Right down by the big elm root." And, though he saw by the set- tled gloom of her face that the storm was coming, he went bravely on picturing the canyon in all the splendor of its autumn days. But the spell would not work. Her heart was out on the sloping hills, where the cattle were bunching and crowding with tossing heads and rattling horns, and it was in a voice very bitter and impatient that she cried:

"Oh, I am sick of all this! I want to ride! I want to see the cattle and the men and—and all the things out- side." The Pilot was cowboy enough to know the longing that tugged at her heart for one wild ride after the calves or steers, but he could only say:

"Wait, Gwen. Try to be patient."

"I am patient; at least I have been patient for two whole months, and it's no use, and I don't believe God cares one bit!"

"Yes, he does, Gwen, more than any of us," replied the Pilot earnestly.

"No, he does not care," she answered with angry emphasis, and the Pilot made no reply.

"Perhaps," she went on hesitatingly, "he's angry because I said I didn't care for him, you remember? That was very wicked. But don't you think I'm punished nearly enough now? You made me very angry, and I didn't really mean it."

Poor Gwen! God had grown to be very real to her during those weeks of pain, and very terrible. The Pilot looked down a moment into the blue gray eyes, grown so big and so pitiful, and, hurriedly dropping on his knees beside the bed, he said in a very unsteady voice:

"Oh, Gwen, Gwen, he's not like that! Don't you remember how Jesus was with the poor sick people? That's what he's like."

"Could Jesus make me well?"

"Yes, Gwen."

"Then why doesn't he?" she asked, and there was no impatience now, but only trembling anxiety as she went on in a timid voice: "I asked him to, over and over, and said I would wait two months, and now it's more than three. Are you quite sure he hears now?"

She raised herself on her elbow and gazed searchingly into the Pilot's face. I was glad it was not into mine. As she intoned the words, "Are you quite sure?" one felt that things were in the balance. I could not help looking at the Pilot with intense anxiety. What would he answer? The Pilot gazed out of the window upon the hills for a few moments—how long the silence seemed—then, turning, looked into the eyes that searched his so steadily and answered simply:

"Yes, Gwen, I am quite sure!" Then, with quick inspiration, he got her mother's Bible and said, "Now, Gwen, try to see it as I read." But before he read, with the true artist's instinct he created the proper atmosphere. By a few vivid words he made us feel the pathetic loneliness of the Man of Sorrows in his last sad days. Then he read that masterpiece of all tragic pleading, the story of Gethsemane. And as he read we saw it all—the garden and the trees and the sorrow stricken Man alone with his mysterious agony. We heard the prayer so pathetically submissive, and then, for answer, the rattle and the traitor.

Gwen was far too quick to need explanation, and the Pilot only said, "You see, Gwen, God gave nothing but the best—to his own Son only the best."

"The best? They took him away, didn't they?" She knew the story well.

"Yes, but listen!" He turned the leaves rapidly and read: "We see Jesus for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor." That is how he got his kingdom."

Gwen listened silent, but unconvinced, and then said slowly:

"But how can this be best for me? I am no use to any one. It can't be best to just lie here and make them all wait on me, and—and—I did want to help daddy—and—oh—I know they will get tired of me! They are getting tired already. I—I—can't help being hateful."

She was by this time sobbing as I had never heard her before—deep, passionate sobs. Then again the Pilot had an inspiration.

"Now, Gwen," he said severely, "you know we're not as mean as that, and that you are just talking nonsense, every word. Now I'm going to smooth out your red hair and tell you a story."

"It's not red," she cried, between her sobs. This was her sore point.

"It is red, as red as can be; a beautiful, shining purple red," said the Pilot emphatically, beginning to brush.

"Purple!" cried Gwen scornfully.

"Yes, I've seen it in the sun, purple. Haven't you?" said the Pilot, appealing to me.

"And my story is about the canyon, our canyon, your canyon, down there."

"Is it true?" asked Gwen, already soothed by the cool, quick moving hands.

"True! It's as true as—er—er—he glanced around the room—as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It's very satisfactory, and the story went on.

"At first there were no canyons, but only the broad, open prairie. One day the master of the prairie, walking out over his great lawns, where were only grasses, asked the prairie, 'Where are your flowers?'"

"Master, I have no seeds," then he spoke to the birds, and they carried seeds of every kind of flower and strewn them far and wide, and soon the prairie blossomed with poppies and roses and tulips and pansies and the yellow crocuses and the wild pansies and the red lilies and all the summer

flowering shrubs? And again he spoke to the birds, and again they carried all the seeds and strewn them far and wide. But, again, when the master came, he could not find the flowers he loved best of all, and he said, 'Where are those, my sweetest flowers?' and the prairie cried sorrowfully, 'Oh, master, I cannot keep the flowers, for the winds sweep fiercely and the sun beats upon my breast, and they wither up and fly away.'

"Then the master spoke to the lightning, and with one swift blow the lightning cleft the prairie to the heart. And the prairie rocked and groined in agony, and for many a day moaned bitterly over its black, jagged, gaping wound. But the little swan poured its waters through the cleft and carried down deep black mold, and once more the birds carried seeds and strewn them in the canyon. And after a long time the rough rocks were decked out with soft mosses and trailing vines, and all the nooks were hung with clematis and columbine, and green elms lifted their huge tops high up in the sunlight, and down about their clustered low cedars and buttes, and everywhere the violets and blue flowers and meadow lark grew, and the bloomed, till the canyon became the master's place for rest and joy."

The quaint tale was ended, and Gwen lay quiet for some moments, then said gently:

"Yes. The canyon flowers have much the best. Tell me what it means."

Then the Pilot read of the Spirit who are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, full meekness, self control, and some of these grow only in the canyon."

"Which are the canyon flowers?" asked Gwen softly, and the Pilot answered:

"Gentleness, meekness, self control; but, though the canyon—love, joy, peace—bloom in the canyon, yet never with so rich a bloom as the sweet perfume as in the canyon."

For a long time Gwen lay quite still, and then she said, while her lip trembled:

"There are no flowers in my canyon, but only rough rocks."

"Some day they will bloom, Gwen, dear. He'll find them, and we, too, shall see them."

Then he said goodby and took me away. He had done his work that day. We rode through the big gate, down the spring hill past the smiling, twinkling little lake and down again out of the broad machine into the shadows and soft lights of the canyon. As we followed the trail that wound among the elms and cedars the very air was full of gentle stillness, and as we moved we seemed to feel the touch of loving hands that lingered while they left us, and every flower and tree and vine and shrub and the soft mosses and the deep bedded ferns whispered as we passed of love and peace and joy.

To the Duke it was all a wonder, for as the days shortened outside they brightened inside, and every day and more and more Gwen's room became the brightest spot in all the house, and when he asked the Pilot, "What did you do to the little princess, and what's all this about the canyon and its flowers?" the Pilot said, looking wistfully at the Duke's eyes, "The fruits of the Spirit are love, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self control, and some of these are found only in the canyon."

And the Duke, standing up straight, handsome and strong, looked back at the Pilot and said, putting out his hand:

"Do you know, I believe you're right."

"Yes, I'm quite sure," answered the Pilot simply. Then, holding the Duke's hand as long as one man dare hold another's, he added, "When you come to your canyon, remember."

"When I come!" said the Duke, and a quick spasm of pain passed over his handsome face. "God help me, it's not too far away now." Then he smiled again his old, sweet smile, and said:

"Yes, you are all right; for of all the flowers I have seen none is fairer or sweeter than those that are waving in Gwen's canyon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VICTIMS OF VESUVIUS.

Pompeii and Herculaneum Not the Only Cities It Has Buried.

The road out of Naples toward Vesuvius is the same route that one follows to reach Pompeii. When intending to go up the mountain the tourist leaves the Pompeii road at Resina, the modern city which overlooks Herculaneum.

Approximately three thousand years ago, of these two ancient towns, it is remarkable how many people speak of them as the only buried cities in the vicinity. In fact, there are many, and it may not be uninteresting to mention them. Next to the two familiar ones, the one whose name is most frequently heard is Stabiae. Then there are Cumae, the oldest Greek colony in Italy; Bala, a watering place, resort of the Roman emperors in the first year of our

Low; Parthenope, Paecopolis and Neapolis, three buried cities lying under modern Naples, from the last of which it took its name; Dikarchia (later called Puteoli, now Pozzuoli), another Greek city of large wealth and with much commerce; Capua, one of the great military posts of ancient Rome, now covered by a modern city, also a garden, and Suessula, whose medicinal springs held high repute among the giddy epicures of the Roman time.

Cataclysmic have been the earth's throes around that laboring monster Vesuvius, for some of these buried cities, which were great seaports 2000 years ago are now far inland. On the other hand, offshore at Baia you may look down from a boat when in smooth water and discover ancient houses and streets far below you at the bottom of the sea. Some of these buried cities were much larger and more important places than either Pompeii or Herculaneum, yet to many travelers their names seem unfamiliar. Argonaut.

A Strange Position.

Curiosity—What's the matter? Is that fellow I've seen you with troubling you?

Curiosity—Yes, on my nerve. I can't make up my mind whether she is going to marry me or not.—Detroit Free Press.

Then the master came and was well pleased, but he asked the flowers to love best of all, and he said to the prairie, 'Where are the daisies and the columbine, the sweet violets and wild flowers, and all the flowers and

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Some Heroes Of Chickamauga

September 29, 1863

THE battle was lost at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Sept. 20, but, like the hero of Marengo, sturdy old Thomas felt that there was time to fight another if he only had the troops. His last man had been put in to save the army from being surrounded. A gap less than a mile in length remained to be covered by the Confederates to make their circle complete, and they were rushing in from two directions.

Longstreet was forming his ranks of army upon a spur of Horseshoe ridge to drive the charge home. His guns were unlimbering on a hill where they could rake Thomas' line lengthwise, and that dauntless hero, with a determined look on his face, felt that the hour had come to die. The odds in men and guns were at least two to one against him. He had never yet been beaten in battle, had never yet retreated.

And as things stood at Chickamauga there would be no chance of retreating with more than a fragment of the troops if Longstreet's men rushed on and closed the narrow gap behind Thomas. The way of retreat would be shut, the road from Chickamauga creek to Chattanooga through the mountain pass at Knoxville. Back on the Knoxville road, four miles from the battle field, Gordon Granger's reserve corps had been stationed some days before to guard the rear of the army against surprise.

Throughout the morning of the 20th the roar of battle and the clouds of dust from moving troops told Granger of a fierce struggle on Thomas' line. "They (the Confederates) are concentrating over there," he said to his staff. "There is where we ought to be."

He waited impatiently until 11 o'clock, scanning the region with his field glass. Then he declared, with an oath, "I'm going to Thomas, orders or no orders."

"If you go it may bring disaster upon our army," interposed his chief aid.

"There's nothing on my front now but muzzles and bobtail cavalry," he exclaimed. "Don't you see Bragg is piling his whole army on Thomas?"

Granger started with two brigades, leaving a third to do the work of guarding the road. Clouds of dust were stirred up by the marching men, and a couple of miles out the column was fired on by rifle skirmishers, and two guns were planted in open woods.

A little further on the column came to Thomas' field hospital and found it in the hands of Forrest's Confederate cavalry. Granger cleared the hospital of gray troopers and next met an aid from Thomas who had come out to see if the dust clouds raised by the column meant the approach of new foes or friends. At 1 o'clock Granger grasped Thomas by the hand as he stood anxiously watching Longstreet's swelling ranks on Horseshoe ridge. "Those men must be driven back," said he, pointing to the batteries and the men behind them.

"Can you do it?" said Thomas.

"Yes. My men are fresh and just the fellows for the work."

No time was wasted maneuvering. At the command "Right face! Forward march!" the brigades of Whittaker and Mitchell wheeled into line with their division commander, General Steedman, at their head, carrying the flag of a regiment. At that instant Longstreet's guns blazed out on the ridge, and Thomas said: "There, General Steedman; you can see their exact position. You must take that ridge!"

"I'll do it!" Steedman exclaimed. Granger touched Steedman familiarly on the shoulder and said, "Stead, old boy, it's going to be deuced hot in there."

"Yes, general; it looks so."

Granger continued, "Stead, if anything should happen, you know, have you any request?"

"Yes, general," Steedman said in the same calm tone. "If I fall please see that my name is spelled correctly in the newspapers." This was a hint that the jump from the nickname "Stead" to Steedman was natural in excited war correspondents.

In twenty minutes the charge was over and Longstreet's men lying back down the southern slope of the ridge. After a few leaps forward Steedman's horse pitched headforemost, throwing his rider violently to the ground. The enemy met the charge with shell and canister and then with a murderous rifle fire. Steedman lost 1,000 men out of 3,500, but Thomas' line was now planted on the ridge coveted by Longstreet.

When Granger reached the field Thomas' men had used up all their ammunition and the supply train had been cut off. The cartridges brought by Granger's men were divided among the troops on the line, but when the enemy massed a new force and dashed for the ridge there was nothing to check them but cold steel. Steedman mounted a fresh horse and rode up and down the line, inspiring his men to hold the ridge they had captured so gallantly. When Longstreet's reserves dashed up the slopes again he ordered a battery captain to "double shot" the guns. "Been doing that for ten rounds, general."

"Then treble shot them," said Steedman.

"Never heard of it before," said the young artilleryman, "but what you say goes. Treble shot them, boys?"

The Confederates marched steadily up to within range of Steedman's rifles and came to a halt as if undetermined to face more slaughter on that ridge.

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One of the leaders raised a flag and, waving it for a signal, dashed forward, the men following with wild yells. At twenty paces the fire of the treble shot guns struck them, and they fled back down the hill, leaving the gallant officer dead with the flag spread over him.

At sundown Longstreet's men came on again in a last effort to carry the ridge and drive Thomas from the field. The last cartridge had been fired, and when the officers asked Granger what they should do he said, "Fix bayonets and go for them!" The waiting Federal gunners at Waterloo. When the enemy neared the summit the cry "Forward!" was sounded, and the blue line rushed out with the bare bayonets.

The Twenty-second Michigan regiment of Steedman's line broke through the Confederate ranks in their eagerness and were swallowed up and borne along down the ridge as the Confederates reeled back for the last time.

The battle of Chickamauga was ended, and nearly 20,000 men lay on the field killed or wounded. It was not as sanguinary as Gettysburg, but it was the bloodiest battle in the west. At dark Thomas abandoned the line he had defended with mastery skill and determination the best part of two days and pulled his army in the pass at Knoxville. His fight had saved Bragg's army from total disaster and kept Bragg from marching back to Chickamauga, the object of his attack.

Civil war brings strange enemies into contact. Bragg lost the game he was fighting for that day through the pluck of his old comrade in the Mexican war. It was Bragg's battery that old "Tough and Ready" appended to at Buena Vista in the famous phrase, "A little more grape," and Lieutenant Thomas filled the order to the joy of General Taylor.

The captain and his lieutenant were the best of friends, and in the war days Bragg always called Thomas "Old Tom." Chickamauga was the second field on which the whilom lieutenant had defeated the well laid plans of his former captain. He held the center at Stone River the year before Chickamauga and stood off Bragg's desperate attacks after the right wing of the Federal army had been swept from the field.

Chickamauga was a strange battle. A diagram of the field as it was when Steedman planted his line on the crest of Horseshoe ridge shows a perfect horseshoe of the circular pattern. At the beginning Thomas had a short line, corresponding to the toe of the shoe. It was defended by batteries, and the Confederates overlapped the works on



"TREBLE SHOT THEM, BOYS!"

the north side, finally planting themselves at one end. Then Longstreet charged up the south side, and the fiercest struggle of the day was for the mastery of a hill where the Confederates' guns, if allowed to remain, could rake the space intervening between the heel points.

By his failure to shatter Thomas' line Bragg lost his hold on Chattanooga, the gateway to Tennessee and Georgia. His army had always been a match for that of his opponent, but for the recovery of Chattanooga he was re-enforced by 20,000 fresh troops, 15,000 being veterans from Lee's camps in Virginia.

Longstreet was the Confederate hero of Chickamauga. He repeated there his master stroke of Gettysburg with about the same result. At Gettysburg he smashed the Federal left wing under Sickles and rushed his bayonets through the winding gorge of Devil's Den and on up the slopes of Round Top to its rock crowned crest. With another brigade and a few cannon he would have driven the Army of the Potomac from Cemetery ridge. At Chickamauga he routed the Federal right wing, then dashed his line to pieces against another Round Top—not a rampart of stone this time, but a rampart of men, buttressed by Thomas, the invincible.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

How to Remove a Cork Easily. Hang the corkscrew on the door knob and pull down with your own weight on the bottle. If a corkscrew is not available, tie a stout string tightly around the cork and fasten it to the knob and pull down the bottle.

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JOCKEYS IN TRAINING

KEEPING THE WEIGHT DOWN IS NOT A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

Enterprising Friends Are Avoided, and Judicious Exercise is Considered—A Rule, Riders Must Not Exceed—And as a Class Are Not Nervous.

"It is a popular belief," a well known trainer said to a reporter recently, "that a jockey has to resort to all sorts of injurious practices in order to keep his weight within required limits. The idea, however, is a far stretched one. Of course a jockey has to go through certain exercises each day and has to be very much more careful regarding what he puts in his stomach than most people in order to keep his weight down and from acquiring a superfluity of flesh, but he certainly does not starve himself, as is generally supposed. If he did so he would break down entirely in a very short time. A jockey must also be in the best possible physical trim and have his wits about him before a race, and to attain that he must be careful how he uses his constitution."

"There are two very important things a jockey has to consider in studying his diet. He must see to it that his food is of the best quality and that it contains practically no flesh forming properties. All such fattening foods as, for instance, mutton, beef, pork, potatoes, puddings and pastries a jockey must deny himself. Coffee, tea or other drinks are only taken very moderately, as all liquids help more or less in putting on flesh."

"Although a jockey has to eschew such foods, there are many other varieties which he gets just as much pleasure in eating and which at the same time are equally as good and strengthening for his constitution. A few days before a race a jockey who has a mount in it will not stint himself—provided he has no fear of overtopping his proper weight for the race—in anything which he thinks will not interfere with his digestive apparatus."

"Some jockeys, of course, take on and lose flesh quicker than others. I have known one or two who were particularly anxious to ride in certain races, but for which they were perhaps as much as eight or nine pounds too heavy, who reduced that weight in the same number of days. To accomplish that, however, they have to resort practically to a 'starving diet,' leaving as little as the strain on the vitality will permit without breaking down and trying to reduce their overweight by certain sweating exercises. It is needless to say that no jockey could stand so frequent repetitions of such severe measures to subtract from his weight without danger of permanently injuring his health and even resorting to such 'get light weight quick' methods where they see good opportunities of making a name or a pile of money for themselves."

"It must be remembered that by nature jockeys as a whole are not of substantial physique or imposing in height, although they are as tough as whipcord. If they were, therefore, to indulge every day in the heavy bill of fare that the average business or working man partakes of it is not probable that they would increase much in weight or height. You often see jockeys in the big hotels and restaurants at the various racing sections after a race tucking in big and expensive dinners with a gusto and relish that would give a chronic dyspeptic an appetite for hard labor."

"Walking, running, cycling, punching the bag and hurdle jumping are favorite exercises among jockeys to keep their weight down. On going out for a walk or run they wrap themselves in the thickest of woolen sweaters and other heavy clothing, no matter how high the temperature may be, and the exercise is kept up for a distance perhaps of eight or nine miles, or, as we say, until you are 'drowned in sweat.' Turkish baths are also frequently indulged in by many, and they must wear excessively warm clothing after, and also when going for a gallop, no matter if the weather be boiling hot."

"I should say that ten or twelve years is the average of a jockey's active turf life. The length of his career, however, depends a great deal on his riding ability and luck."

"Jockeys are not of a saving class, and with but few exceptions I know of none who has ever managed to put enough money away to keep him in even half decent comfort after retiring from the turf. The majority, however, succeed in scraping up a bank roll of sufficient dimensions to start in some business. Like retired pugilists, they have a fondness for the liquor business, and I know a few one time jockeys who are prospering in that trade in different parts of the country. Others, again, become bookies, poolroom keepers and enter into such businesses as enable them to gratify their inveterate love for gambling. I know of only one ex-jockey who is an exception to this rule. He retired some years ago with \$50,000 to his credit, and he immediately went into the real estate business in New Jersey. Today he is doing well. He was fortunate enough, however, to receive a good common school education in his early boyhood days—and that's a thing jockeys very rarely get. Outside of their knowledge of horsemanship the great majority are as ignorant as red Indians."—New York Times.

"I suppose Duplex likes to argue as much as ever and is continually worsted as usual."

"No; he's more successful now since he's not wealthy."

"What has his wealth to do with it?"

"Well, when he sees he's losing he just offers to bet a hundred, and that settles it."—Philadelphia Press.

The soil for roses should be rich and of such tenacity that it will hold together when pressed. Sand and clay mixed is good.

All wood that is more than two years old should be cut out from the currents and gasolines. They will produce more fruit, even if the vines are not so large.

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THE GRANGE

Conducted by J. W. DARROW.
From Correspondent New York Times Group.

GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

Items of Interest to All Members of the Order.

Build up the juvenile granges. Oregon has about 100 granges, with 5,000 members.

The grange believes in arbitration rather than litigation. President Roosevelt will visit the New York state fair on Sept. 7.

Let the grange lead in the matter of beautifying rural school grounds. Toga county, Pa., is said to have about 1,000 members of the order.

National Master Aaron Jones is also master of the Indiana state grange. Don't adjourn the sessions of your grange during hot weather. Keep going! The New York state grange will hold its next annual session in Cortland, N. Y.

The resources of the national grange amount to \$4,128,255—quite a respectable sum.

Union grange of Jamestown, N. Y., buys the coal supply for its members and divides the savings.

Governor N. J. Bachelder, lecturer national grange, will address Kansas field meetings July 20 to 25, inclusive.

Mount Cutler grange of Hiram, Me., received at one meeting fifty-one applications and had fourteen more ready.

The grange is the farmer's school from which no diploma is given. It is one continuous term—National Stockman.

The great summer meeting of New York Patrons of Husbandry will occur Aug. 18 at the beautiful Thousand Islands.

More granges have been organized in the United States this year than last, and five months left yet to swell the number.

Snook grange, Pennsylvania, has purchased \$7,000 worth of goods through grange trade arrangements last year.

As the result of a four weeks' contest Seabrook grange, Newport, Me., received sixty-three applications for membership.

Grange education is many sided—four square. It may and should be along the lines of especial interest to our calling and the home.

National Master Aaron Jones is looking for addresses in Greenbrier, Monroe, Cabell and Putnam counties, W. Va., July 20 to Aug. 1, inclusive.

More new members have been received by granges in Herkimer county, N. Y., since Jan. 1 than ever before for the same length of time.

State Master Hill has engaged Professor A. E. Morse of Maine to devote the month of August to addressing grange picnics in Pennsylvania.

New York has twenty-two Patrons' mutual fire insurance companies, carrying risks aggregating \$55,733,522. Last year the cost averaged \$250 per \$1,000.

A new grange was recently organized with eighty charter members in Kinderhook, N. Y., the native township of President Martin Van Buren. It is called Lindewald grange.

Pennsylvania patrons won a decided victory in securing the passage of the new road law. The law secures a state appropriation to be distributed to the counties in proportion to the number of miles of road.

Every member of the West Virginia state board of agriculture, together with its secretary and superintendent of institutions, is a member of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, says the National Stockman.

It is plainly evident that the permanency of the order rests in the subordinate granges, and the permanency of these rests in a great measure upon the degree of interest attached to them, says S. E. Strode.

Pennsylvania has eight grange mutual insurance companies, carrying risks aggregating \$15,000,000. Some of these have been in operation twenty-five years. The cost has been but little over a half that of stock companies.

National Master Aaron Jones has arranged to address meetings in Massachusetts on Aug. 4, 5, 9 and 7; in New Hampshire on Aug. 13, 14 and 15; in New York on Aug. 17, 18, 19 and 20; in Indiana on Aug. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 31; and in Ohio on Sept. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Newton Ridge (O.) grange is the proud possessor of a new hall situated on a knoll at the bend of the Muskingum river, the Rhine of America. It is 400 feet above the water's edge and has a view for miles both up and down of one of the most beautiful valleys in the United States.

The grange allows the largest latitude to its members in regard to religious and political matters. It makes no effort to rival or supplant either church or political party. It has work enough of its own without encroaching on that of other organizations or associations, says the Grange Bulletin.

Ostenburg grange, Bedford county, Pa., recently bought a seventy acre farm to be used in connection with a picnic grove, upon which has already been spent \$1,200 for permanent improvements. The dates this year for the annual outing are Aug. 11 to 14. Thousands annually attend this picnic.

The leaders in the grange must work to secure discipline—the training and the development of the intellectual powers of their members. We need more self mastery, more of the power of the individual over himself. It is won by doing things under difficulties. Any one can do the easy things, remarks the Union Press.

In grafting a large tree it is best not to try to graft the whole tree in one season.

Building on certain slow growing and somewhat incongruous stock is the best way of dwarfing.

In most cases the cause of moss appearing on the stems of apple and other fruit trees is wet, cold, undrained land.

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Sea Trips

(often to five days' duration), are offered by the

OLD DOMINION LINE

TO

Norfolk,
Old Point Comfort,
Virginia Beach,
Ocean View,
Richmond, Va.

AND

Washington, D. C.

Steamers sail daily, except Sunday, at 2 p.m. from Pier 26, North River, foot of Beach Street, New York.

SHIPS WRECKED

Fifteen Lives Lost on Pemquid Point During the Gale

OTHER DISASTERS REPORTED

Deaths That Several Persons Have Perished in Narragansett Bay—Fatal News of Casualties Along the South Atlantic Coast

Providence, Sept. 18.—The heavy storm which wrought such havoc along the Atlantic coast from Norfolk to New Haven, and then striking into the interior, raged up the Connecticut river and gave the interior of New England a severe thrashing, reaching well down to Newfoundland, but as it was followed within a few hours by another disturbance from the west. Nearly all the New England states were subjected to a continuous southerly gale which lasted fully a day and a half.

A majority of the coastwise shipping being close to sheltered harbors, but the blow, however, caught a number of small craft off the coast, with the result that numerous wrecks were reported, the saddest of which was the destruction of two small fishing vessels on the grim rocks off Pemquid point, in Maine, and the drowning of 15 fishermen, 14 of whom sailed out of Gloucester not many days ago.

It is reported that a body has come ashore in upper Narragansett bay and there are indications that several lives have been lost in that vicinity. Other casualties are reported from various points, and as usual there were a number of thrilling rescues.

In the interior the destruction by both storms was limited to the blowing down of what crops remained unharvested and the shaking off of fruit from the apple-trees.

Old weather storms look upon the continued gales as the so-called equinoctial storm, and, while such application is discredited by modern experts, the disturbance nevertheless will always be regarded as a particularly memorable and destructive one, and it will probably be many days before the record of the loss in lives and property is complete.

Miscellaneous Positions

Pemquid, Me., Sept. 18.—Fifteen lives were lost and the bones of two staunch schooners were scattered along the rugged shore of Pemquid point as the result of the terrific storm which swept the Maine coast. The wrecked schooners were the mackerel seiner George F. Edmunds of Gloucester, Mass., and the little two-masted coaster Sadie and Lillie of Machias.

Both wrecks resulted from the sailing masted schooners attempting to pass in the thick weather. Captain Poole thought he was making Booth Bay harbor, while Captain Harding believed his course was leading him into the Kennebec river, nearly 40 miles from Pemquid. When the vessels went on the ledges they were less than 200 yards apart.

The wrecks of the Edmunds and the Sadie and Lillie were pounded to pieces by the waves and their timbers were strewn along hundreds of yards of shore line. The search for bodies met with little success during the early part of the day. Of the 15 dead only three bodies have been washed ashore.

Fishermen Lost in Gale

New York, Sept. 18.—Following Wednesday's hurricane came another severe storm. In New York city the wind blew at the rate of 67 miles an hour, which was stronger than Wednesday's gale. The damage was not so widespread, however, because the storm did not last so long. Fishing schooners that arrived brought tales of disasters from all along the coast. At least half a dozen men were drowned from these boats, and it is feared that many more met a similar fate. Several schooners are missing, some of which are known to have foundered.

Fishermen Probably Drowned

Barrington, R. I., Sept. 18.—The finding of the body of Earl E. Martin, 5 years old, at Narragansett, and the disappearance of the 20-foot sailing boat in which Walter E. Martin, the lad's father, and Harry Goff, the two other occupants, set out on a fishing trip, gives rise to the belief that the craft foundered and that both fishermen have been drowned.

Estimated Loss of \$250,000

New York, Sept. 18.—Although no bodies have been washed ashore, there is little doubt that seven lives were lost in the numerous wrecks along the Brooklyn water front. It is estimated that between Canarsie and Fort Hamilton 500 craft of various kinds were lost. The damage is placed at \$250,000.

Wrecked on Richmond's

Portland, Me., Sept. 18.—A ship wrecked, supposed to be the Lyette of Boston, with four men on board. They saved themselves and took a train for Boston. They refused to give their names or that of the yacht, saying that they wished to get home before the news reached there.

Six Castaways Picked Up

New York, Sept. 18.—Shower Alder, Captain Sorocock, arrived last night from California, having on board six of the crew of the British steamer Mexicana, which foundered during a gale on Sept. 10. The castaways were picked up from floating wreckage. The Mexicana carried a crew of 22 men.

Bill Devery Fought Down

New York, Sept. 18.—The primary, both Republican and Democratic, passed off much more smoothly than had been expected. In the Ninth district the hottest fight in the city was waged uneventfully by William J. Devery against Frank J. Goodwin, who won by 104 votes.

BRITISH CABINET BREAKS

Three Members Merged Because of a Clash With Chamberlain's Policy—London, Sept. 18.—The British cabinet is broken up, the long expected split over Chamberlain's protection policy having come. Three members have tendered their resignations. They are Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of the colonies; O. T. Ritchie, chancellor of the exchequer; and Lord George Hamilton, secretary for India. The king has accepted the resignations.

The split has arisen over Chamberlain's advocacy of a policy of protection for England and reciprocity with her colonies. Hamilton and a majority of the cabinet have been in the old free trade theory, and Chamberlain and his two colleagues decided to get out.

In some quarters it is said that Hamilton may dissolve the ministry and appeal to the country for a vindication of his policy. Others say he will avoid a general election for the present.

Trinity Student Accidentally Killed
Rockland, Me., Sept. 17.—Philip J. Pessenden, aged 21, of Brookline, Mass., while out gunning with two boys in a boat at Long Cove, was pulling his gun towards him, muzzle first, when it discharged, the contents killing him instantly. The boat was capsized, but both boys were rescued. Pessenden was a student at Bowdoin college. He had recently been appointed by order of the Episcopal church by Bishop Codman and preached at Long Cove last Sunday.

Out Bullet Instead of Plums

Portland, Me., Sept. 17.—James Mitchell, a musician in the coast artillery stationed at Fort Preble, was shot last night at South Portland. He was on his way to the post and stepped into a orchard to gather a few plums when the shot was fired from the second story window of a house. The bullet entered Mitchell's neck and went downward into his left lung. The doctors regard the wound as dangerous. The person who fired the shot is unknown.

Boston's Big Voting List

Boston, Sept. 18.—Registration for the state primary election in Boston on Sept. 22 closed last night at the office of the election commissioners with a grand total of 105,397 names on the voting list, which beats all previous records of registration for state elections. Registration for the state elections will be continued today until 10 p. m., Oct. 14, by which time it is expected that last year's total of 111,487 will be equalled, if not exceeded.

Duel in the Death For Love

Abita Springs, La., Sept. 16.—Frank Allison and Marshall McKeith were rivals for the hand of a young woman and Allison challenged McKeith to a duel. McKeith promptly accepted the challenge and pistols at 10 paces were drawn. The men met at the appointed hour and place and both weapons were discharged at the same instant and both men fell dead, one with a bullet through his brain and the other with a bullet through his heart.

Benque Declared Insane

New York, Sept. 16.—Francis V. Benque, who was arrested on the charge of having written threatening letters to Secretary of State Hay, was brought before Justice Clark in the supreme court and committed by him to the Manhattan state asylum. Doctors who had examined Benque submitted a certificate setting out that he was not in full possession of his faculties.

Close Guard Upon Queen

Copenhagen, Sept. 18.—Extraordinary precautions will be taken during the visit of the Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy, who is to arrive at Copenhagen on Saturday, on her way to Sweden. The Italian legation here received an anonymous letter stating that Italian anarchists had plotted an attempt on the queen's life during her stay in Sweden.

Maryland Democrats on Race Issues

Baltimore, Sept. 17.—The Democrats of Maryland held their state convention here last night and nominated a ticket headed by Edwin Warfield for governor. The platform deals largely in the state issues. The race issue plank, which was regarded as the most important in the platform, declares for white supremacy in state, city and county government.

Labrador Expedition a Failure

St. John's, Sept. 16.—Dr. Grenfell, the superintendent of the medical mission in northern Labrador, reports the partial failure of the Labrador exploring expedition under Colonel Glenzie, which has been attempting to enter the unknown territory toward Ungava bay. The expedition has been unable to secure a sufficiently large craft to convey them north.

Attempt at Train Wrecking

Gardner, Mass., Sept. 16.—A big rock on the main track of the Fitchburg road was discovered just before an express ran through, preventing a wreck. The rock was rolled up onto the track just beyond a curve where trains travel very fast down grade. Section men removed it in time to prevent delay to traffic.

Night For \$10,000,000 Copper Mine

Butte, Mont., Sept. 17.—The second trial of the celebrated Minnie Hally mine case, with the Anaconda Copper company as plaintiff and the Elbert Copper company as defendant, has begun here. The suit is over the possession of a \$10,000,000 copper mine.

Murphy Gets Walking Ticket

Washington, Sept. 17.—Commissioner Richards of the general land office has dismissed W. E. Murphy, chief clerk of the office of the surveyor general for Arizona, on account of irregularities in the administration of that office. He was suspended from office Aug. 22.

Abandoned Her Baby

Quincy, Mass., Sept. 16.—Sylvia Ackerson, 21 years old, was arraigned in the district court, charged with manslaughter in abandoning her 2-month-old baby, thereby causing its death. Judge May found probable cause, and she was held for the grand jury in \$5000.

INDIAN ROBBERY

Will Be Investigated Under Bonaparte's Supervision

HE IS GIVEN FULL CHARGE

Numerous Charges Against Indian Territory Officials Will Be Taken Up With the Certainty of Conviction of Those Implicated in Deals

Washington, Sept. 18.—Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, with whom Secretary Hitchcock has been in negotiation during the last week, has consented to undertake the investigation of the charges affecting the administration of Indian Territory.

Mr. Bonaparte was, and still is, one of the special counsel retained by the president for the prosecution of the postal thieves and grafters. His appointment does not mean necessarily that he will be involved. He is simply given charge of the whole business, with an absolutely free hand, and his wishes will be consulted as to any staff of assistants he may need in his work. He is to organize his campaign on any lines he chooses, carry it out in his own way, and take as long or short a time as he deems for the best interest of the government. He will simply be looked to for results, without having to account for his methods.

It has been from the start Secretary Hitchcock's desire to find a man who will not hesitate to take a scamp by the neck and drag him out where he belongs, regardless of the "influence" behind him. Mr. Bonaparte's career as a civil service reformer has proved that he has a keen sense for morality, absolute fearlessness, and no apprehensions about calling a spade a spade when it comes to facing a lawbreaker or when it comes to making a report. He is a member of the Indian rights association, of the board of Indian commissioners and of the executive committee of the National Civil Service Reform league.

There are numerous reports and charges against officials on file in the department which will be taken up in the course of the investigation, but they have not been given to the public, and in several instances the existence of the papers has been denied. It is Secretary Hitchcock's manifest purpose to shape and control the investigation without regard to public opinion, and he does not intend to allow newspaper publications to give any sudden or surprising turn to the work which he has decided to intrust to the special investigator.

The experience of Postmaster General Payne during the past summer has established a permanent warning, which Mr. Hitchcock has been prompt to appreciate. However, without this experience of Mr. Payne's, the secretary would have pursued, no doubt, the same course, as it is in line with his lifelong rule of administrative action. Whether the scope of the investigation will be such as to require the presentation of evidence before any grand jury and the prosecution of any person because of the gigantic robberies that have been in progress against the Indians, is not made the subject of prediction among interior department officials.

Nor is there any disposition to indicate whether there will be included in the scope of the investigation the matter of leases of coal and oil lands, which has been conducted in a manner to segregate nearly all these properties in one control. At best, it is expected that the investigation will not conclude the whole subject of complaint, and that eventually there will be an investigation authorized by congress, probably by the house of representatives.

Seventeen Charges Against Harvey

Guthrie, O. T., Sept. 15.—S. M. Brosius, special agent of the Indian Rights association, has finished gathering evidence against George I. Harvey, in charge of the Pawnee sub-agency at Pawnee, and has left to resume his inquiries in Indian Territory. Brosius preferred 17 specific charges against Harvey, who is accused of brutality to children in the schools, of irregularities in the leasing and sale of Indian lands and of manipulating Indian money to the advantage of himself and banks which he is interested in. Inspector McNichols of the Indian department is at Pawnee investigating the Brosius charges.

Failure of Woolen Firm

Boston, Sept. 16.—Norton, Fessenden & Co., commission dealers in British and American wools, have assigned. Liabilities are said to be slightly more than \$100,000. The failure is due to the prolonged bad conditions in the woolen and worsted markets.

Swimming Lesson Proved Fatal

Centre Ossipee, N. H., Sept. 16.—Mrs. Mabel R. Russell, aged 29, of Boston, was drowned in the Bear Camp river. Her only companion at the time, Miss Alice Moore, who was teaching Mrs. Russell to swim, was unable to rescue her friend.

Colombia Moves In Canal Matter

Bogota, Sept. 15.—The senate has approved the bill authorizing the government to negotiate a new Panama canal treaty with the United States on its first reading.

Alderman Picked Up Live Wire

Kingston, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Alderman James Purvis picked up an electric wire which had been blown down by the severe storm and was almost instantly killed.

More Crookedness Unearthed

Philadelphia, Sept. 15.—Following closely in the sensational discovery of a counterfeiting plant inside the walls of the eastern penitentiary, it is learned that a storage of 300,000 stockings has been discovered in the stocking department. They disappeared since the first of the year.

COVERS LONG PERIOD

Officials Working Upon Case of Alleged Counterfeiting at Glasgow
Charlton, Mass., Sept. 18.—The discovery of metals and tools such as are used in making counterfeit money has led the police to hunt for dies and moulds which have not been located and the search will be resumed and a supervision of United States Marshal Darling of Boston.

Record Smith was arrested and locked up on the charge of making counterfeit money. Counterfeit half dollars have been circulating periodically in Gardner for a long time, and Smith has been found passing some of them, which he said must have been passed to him by some one, he did not know who. A year ago a house in which Smith had lived was moved, and under it was found a quantity of counterfeit half dollars. The tools and metals found yesterday were in the cellar of the house where Smith now lives.

Had temper and drink are responsible for Smith's betrayal. Urged by his fear of Smith, Carl Asara reported that Smith, with whom he boarded, had asked him to go into a deal to make counterfeiters. Asara refused and says Smith threatened to kill him if he mentioned his plan.

Prohibition Nominations

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 18.—While great enthusiasm marked the entire state prohibition convention here the real life and energy developed late in the afternoon when considerable strife came up as to whether or not clauses should be allowed in the platform endorsing an income tax and government ownership. After heated debate the clause concerning the income tax was killed, but the one pertaining to government ownership prevailed.

Dr. Oliver W. Cobb of Easthampton was nominated for governor. The rest of the ticket named is: W. F. Merrill, Marlboro, lieutenant governor; A. L. Cutting, Weston, secretary of state; N. F. Johnson, Milford, treasurer and receiver general; A. E. Steele, Northampton, auditor; H. M. Dean, Hyde Park, attorney general.

Annual Milk Conference

Boston, Sept. 18.—After a long conference between the Milk Producers' union of New England and the Boston contractors, in an effort to fix the price of milk for the coming winter, an adjournment was taken without having reached an agreement. The producers set their price at 40 cents a can, loaded in Boston, and out of which they claimed they have to pay a railroad freight averaging 9 cents a can. This is 4½ cents advance over the summer price of the producers.

Mauled by Angry Bull

Military, Mass., Sept. 18.—Fritz Schlemann, local farmer for S. H. Colton, was attacked by a deformed bull in a pasture and sustained injuries which will probably prove fatal. Schlemann was thrown into the air and then was trampled on by the bull. His left side is crushed and several ribs are broken. Other men with clubs drove the bull away and got Schlemann over a fence out of his reach.

Disgraceous Traffic Practice

Littleton, N. H., Sept. 18.—A stray bullet from a rifle in the hands of one of two young men who were engaged in target practice entered the head of William Downes just below the skull and came out under the left ear. Downes was driving by a lot where the shooting was being done. The workmen, H. Carter and C. Rogers, both summer guests, were arrested and fined \$15 each and medical expenses.

Provisional Gift to Church Fails

Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 13.—James McCutcheon of this town announces that he will give to the parish of the Episcopal church of Greenwich a site for a new church, and also a new rectory and parish house providing the parish raises \$125,000 before the close of the year. The site to be donated by McCutcheon is valued at \$30,000.

Woman and House Burned

Northampton, Mass., Sept. 18.—Miss Mary Drolan was burned to death in a fire that destroyed the house of her half brother, Thomas Drolan, at Hadley. She had been an inmate of the insane asylum here and developments point to the conclusion that Miss Drolan fired the house while suffering a return of mental trouble.

Old Soldier's Good Turn

East Douglas, Mass., Sept. 15.—Kennedy Brunock, 73 years old, an old soldier who was found by the roadside in a debilitated condition and taken to the village lockup, was found dead there. He was to have been taken to the state almshouse. He was tossed by the Grand Army, though not a member of the organization.

Snatched From Death's Jaws

Boston, Sept. 15.—Four men who started from Boston in a 15-foot dory for a day's fishing were capsized just inside Boston light by the terrific gale and high seas, but after clinging to the rigging for nearly half an hour were rescued from drowning by the police's launch Naughton and the tug Wawonee.

Burglar Got a Short Years

Dedham, Mass., Sept. 14.—James Johnson, indicted on two counts of burglary and of committing assault with intent to kill, retracted his plea of not guilty and was sentenced on the first charge to a term in state prison of not less than 17 or more than 20 years. The other case was placed on file.

Thieving Postal Clerk Convicted

Portland, Me., Sept. 17.—In the United States district court Judge E. Wade, a former postal clerk, residing at Augusta, was convicted of the larceny of money from letters.

Haverhill Insults Military Confesses

Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 16.—Fred Brasseur, under arrest on the charge of committing arson, has confessed to having set 10 fires, covering the period of incandescence in this city and vicinity from 1900 to the spring of this year. Brasseur's case is now before the grand jury.

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Yours respectfully,
W. C. COZZENS & CO.,
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PRIVATE JOHNSON'S LOVE AFFAIR

By EDWARD MARSHALL

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Private Johnson of G company was much in love. But although he daily for a blissful hour or so did sentry duty within a few feet of her, he had not been able to disclose his love. He could not speak Spanish nor the English. They had been forced to confine their evidences of affection to smiles and sighs, she to the same, supplemented by languid movements of her fan. Private Johnson could stand it no longer; so that night after he had "blinded" with the others of his guard to the barracks he confided his troubles to his "bunkie," Mike Nolan.

"I'm stuck on the slickest little Spanish girl that ever waved a fan."

"What is she-Spagady?" asked Mullins.

"No, she ain't," said Johnson; "and that's the trouble."

Now it must be explained that when the American army took possession of Havana there were few men in it, either officers or privates, who could speak Spanish. Therefore the residents of the Cuban capital, black, yellow and white, who found it for many reasons absolutely necessary to communicate with the Americans created a new language.

It was and is more involved and intricate in its futile limitations of our mother tongue than the "pidgin English" of the Chinaman. And any Cuban who can speak this strange patois announces with much pride, "I spagady Inglish." The quick witted Americans christened all these "Spagadies."

"I've got to take her home with me," Johnson said gloomily. "I'd rather go up San Juan hill again than go home without her."

Private Mullins puffed reflectively on a long cigarette. Private Mullins had had his own love affair since he had been in Cuba, and it had not turned out well. He had been imbibed by it. It had merely made him sympathetic.

"Tell me about it, Johnson," he said.

"Well, it was this way: When I was put on sentry duty down there by the bank I couldn't help but look in the windows next door, and I saw her. And, oh, Mullins, boy, she's the wonder of the age. And I smiled, and she smiled, and I'm in love with her, and she's in love with me."

"Why don't you write it, you idiot?" asked Mullins.

"You've as much brains as a turpentine mango, Mullins, or less," said Johnson. "If I could write it I could talk it, too, couldn't I?"

"Well," said Mullins reflectively, "I meant that you could get some of the fellows to write it for you."

"You're trying to let me in," said Johnson, eying him suspiciously. "Is there a man in this regiment you'd trust to write such a letter for you?"

"No," said Mullins, "there ain't. But I'll tell you what. I know an officer in the rurales (rural police) who speaks English and who'd do it. You've got to hurry, though."

"Why?" asked Johnson.

"We're ordered home," said Mullins. "I heard the general tell the colonel so today. I was on orderly duty at headquarters, you know."

"Hoorny!" shouted Johnson, and some one who was trying to go to sleep threw a canteen at him.

That night the two friends devoted an hour to the composition of the great letter which the lieutenant was to translate into Spanish.

It was a plain, straightforward recital of the young soldier's love and circumstances. It described his home and told her, much to Mullins' amazement, that Private Johnson's family was well to do.

"Is that straight?" asked Mullins doubtfully.

"Sure," said Johnson. "I wouldn't lie to her, you clump."

Mullins said he thought the letter would be all right after the lieutenant had thrown some bifurcated Spanish phrases into it.

The next day Mullins took the letter to his friend the lieutenant of rurales, whose name was Linares. The lieutenant, loving intrigue as all Spaniards do, said that he would be delighted to serve Mullins' friend.

"Shall I address the letter also?" asked the lieutenant.

"You'd better," said Mullins. "Then it will be all in the same handwriting."

"You must first give the address," said the lieutenant.

And Mullins gave it to him. If he had been quick witted he would have noticed an instantaneous change in the quality of the smile upon the lieutenant's face, but he missed it.

"The taste of your friend is sublime, superb, quite worthy of an American soldier."

"You know her, then?" asked Mullins.

"I have seen her," said the lieutenant as he rolled a fresh cigarette. "She is beautiful, very. I will have the letter in an hour."

In an hour Mullins went back. The lieutenant rapidly translated it to him. The long, dignified and flowery declaration of Private Johnson's love poured from his lips in sonorous sentences. Mullins wrote them down in English. When he read them to Johnson that night the latter heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"It takes three daggers," he said finally, "to sling language."

Next day when Private Johnson took his place on sentry duty his heart beat faster. It seemed an age before the shy but smiling face of the charming Spanish girl appeared behind the bars of the big window. Her head was coquettishly covered by a mantilla of black lace, and in her hand she held the faint fan which she knew so well how to use. The wonderful letter was in the inner pocket of his blouse. He saluted blushing; she waved her hand toward him and smiled. He glanced up and down the street. The coast was wholly clear; so, with his cheeks

naming, he approached the window.

"Buenos Dias, senorita," he said fearfully.

"Buenos Dias, senor," she replied, with a blush.

With a military gesture he took the letter from his pocket and presented it. She seemed to be much surprised. Her flush grew deeper, and she placed her hand upon her breast as if to say:

"Is this for me?"

He bowed assent. She quickly thrust the letter into the bosom of her bodice. Then she turned away, but before she wholly vanished she blew him a bashful kiss from the tip of her fan.

All morning Private Johnson watched for her in vain. During his afternoon tour of duty his eyes were on the window whenever he could keep them there.

He was greatly disappointed when the night relief came on and he was picked up by the rattling squad for the return to barracks. He had not seen her again. But the memory of that smile was with him still.

Next morning at roll call the lieutenant who inspected glanced approvingly at Private Johnson's shoes and buttons and speckless uniform. But just before dismissal he called out:

"Private Johnson, fall out and report to the colonel."

Johnson was amazed, but with soldierly decision did as he was told. The colonel seemed in bad temper.

"Johnson," he said sharply, "you have a good record."

Johnson looked pleased.

"You know that you're going home next week, don't you?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Well, then, why didn't you try to keep your record clean?" asked the colonel pettishly. He was a martinet, but he was really fond of his good men.

"I have tried to, sir," said Johnson proudly.

"Do you know what the orders are about insulting the citizens of Havana?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you gratuitously insult the Senorita Mercedes y Bordola?"

Johnson was aroused. "I have not insulted her," he said firmly.

The colonel picked up an envelope which had been lying on his table and produced the letter which had been hidden in the senorita's bosom on the day before. "Did you not give this letter to her yesterday? She says you did, and your name is signed to it."

The colonel was getting red in the face. "And don't you consider it insulting?" he demanded.

Private Johnson's face was pale. "No, sir," he said very firmly. "I do not think it an insult to any woman on earth for an American citizen and soldier to ask her to be his wife."

The colonel gasped. "Your wife?" he exclaimed. "Did you ask her to marry you?"

"I did, sir."

"In this letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you write it?"

"No, sir; I had it written."

"Did you tell the man who wrote it for you to address her as 'My Dear Turnip,' to speak of her father as a blackguard?"

Johnson was speechless. The colonel saw his real distress and slowly and even mercifully translated the perfunctory lieutenant's composition to him. He was sorely tempted to shout with laughter, but he was merciful and did not.

La Lucha is a newspaper in Havana which has two pages in Spanish and two pages containing an English translation of them.

In the English of La Lucha that very day was announced the engagement of Lieutenant Jose Linares of the rurales to Signorita Mercedes y Bordola.

And Private Johnson understood why he had been fooled.

EDUCATING OYSTERS.

Training Schools in Which the Bivalves Are Taught Some Sense.

"A school for oysters," said a dealer in fish, "is an institution that you would swear could not exist, for oysters are notorious for their stupidity."

It is, however, a fact that there are many oyster schools. I will explain them to you in such a way that you will believe in them. An oyster's intelligence is limited, but still it has intelligence. Years ago certain wise fish dealers discovered that if you take an oyster suddenly from its subaqueous bed it opens its shell, whereupon the life giving water inside it all escapes and the oyster dies. But if you expose an oyster to the air gradually, lifting it out of the water for a few minutes and then returning it again, it gradually learns that to keep its shell closed when out of the water is the best thing for its health. These investigators found that they could take two oysters, one trained and one untrained, and the trained oyster, keeping its shell closed while out of the water, would live a long time, while the untrained one, opening its shell, would die in a few hours. Therefore training schools for oysters were established. The schools are in appearance nothing more than reservoirs full of water. Oysters are put in them, and the water is drained off and then returned again. It is kept off for a few minutes at first, then for ten minutes, then for half an hour and so on. Oysters in these schools learn that they will live longest and keep healthiest out of water if they hold their shells tight shut. As soon as they learn this they are graduated and go out into the world."—Philadelphia Record.

A Quick Witted Partridge.

Nesting upon the ground, the partridge is likely to be disturbed. A bird of this species was once startled by a plow passing within a yard or so of its nest. Destruction was almost a certainty, as the plow must pass entirely over it in the next round, and the laborer wondered how the partridge would act. The time necessary for going around the field was about twenty minutes, yet in that almost incredible period the parent birds had effected the removal of some twenty-one eggs to a safe spot. Careful search led to the discovery of the bird calmly seated upon her treasures in the bottom of the hedge out of reach of the plow. Nineteen partridge chicks were eventually hatched and duly escaped unmolested. —London Tit-Bits.

BURGLARIOUS STARS.

Planets and Stars May Pick Up Missing Solar Bodies.

Jupiter is much the biggest member of the family of stars which revolve around our sun; consequently the power of his attraction is greater than that possessed, for instance, by the earth. Jupiter's exploits as a burglar have caused very considerable annoyance and inconvenience to astronomers in the days before his powers were fully recognized.

In 1770 there appeared a fine comet, which was found to have an elliptical orbit round the sun so comparatively small a size that Mr. Lexell, its discoverer, calculated it would return in five and a half years, but in 1773 telescopes were vainly focused on the spot where it was expected to reappear, and again in 1781 it disappointed all observers.

Mr. Lexell plunged into fresh calculations and after much research found that Jupiter was the culprit. The unfortunate comet had been rash enough to plunge into the sphere of the giant planet's attraction, with the result that it had been completely diverted from its former orbit and flung off into quite a different one of a twenty year period. It has never been seen again by any one on this earth and probably never will be.

Jupiter was also responsible for the delay which occurred in the return of that splendid visitant known as Halley's comet. Halley found that he was not the first discoverer of this big comet. It had appeared at least twice previously, once seventy-five years before and again seventy-six years before that. The astronomer concluded that there would be a further delay in its third return and predicted that its next appearance would be 618 days later. He did not live to see it. But in 1758, the year he had prophesied for its reappearance, astronomers were waiting for it.

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Not Wholly Mole.

Clara—Does Harry help you with the house cleaning?
Harriet—Well, he hangs the pictures crooked and does the grumbling.—Droll Free Press.

His Proud Boast.

"What is your position in the choir?" asked the new church member.
"Absolutely neutral," replied the mild tenor. "I don't side with either faction."

A Discriminating Dog.

"Yes, the neighbors complain about my dog."
"Does he bite?"
"No, he's too affectionate. He has the reputation of being a judge of beauty, and every time a pretty woman passes along the street he frisks about extravagantly."

Hats and Heads.

North-Western Railway
(F. N. 35, 36-41-496.)

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. Make all queries as clear as possible. 5. Write on one side of the paper only. 6. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 7. Letters addressed to contributors or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to—
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
c/o Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1903.

NOTES.

WICKHAM—Inscriptions in the Common Burial Ground, in Newport, R. I.

Anna Wickham, wife of William, died August 31, 1743, aged 45 years.

Henry Wickham, son of Samuel and Elizabeth, died May 3, 1729, aged 3 years.

Samuel Wickham, Esq., died Feb. 21, 1768, aged 59.

Charles Wickham, died Aug. 29, 1787, in his 81st year.

Rebecca, wife of Charles, died Mar. 18, 1771, in her 61st year.

John Wickham, son of Thomas and Hannah, died Dec. 18, 1729, aged 14 m., 21 days.

Thomas, of Thomas and Hannah, died Jan. 3, 1730-1, aged 7 mos. 3 days.

Samuel, of Thomas and Hannah, died June 23, 1734.

Mary, of Thomas and Hannah, died July 30, 1739, aged 4 weeks.

Rebecca, of Thomas and Hannah, died May 16, 1748, aged 17 days.

Charles, of Thomas and Hannah, died June 1746, aged 17 days.

Hannah, of Thomas and Hannah, died Dec. 6, 1747, aged 12 months.

Ann, of Thomas and Hannah, died Mar. 26, 1749, aged 6 mos.

Mr. Thomas Wickham, died Sept. 19, 1777, in the 78th year of his age.

Hannah, wife of Thomas, died Nov. 12, 1778, in her 78th year.

Katharine Wickham, daughter of Col. Benjamin and Mary his wife, died May 7, 1769, aged 1 y. 7 mos.

Samuel, of Benjamin and Mary, died Feb. 7, 1764, aged 8 mos. 11 days.

John, of Benjamin and Mary, died Sept. 26, 1747, aged 2 years.

Will of Thomas Wickham, dated Nov. 18, 1772, proved Aug. 16, 1782.

Mentions sons: Thomas, Samuel, Charles; wife Hannah; daughter Sarah Wickham; daughter Rebecca Debois; brother Charles, Executor.

Estate of Mary Wickham, Oct. 6, 1785. Stanton Hazard, Susannah Wickham, Splinter, administrators; Joseph Thurston and William Crooke Appraisers.

Charles Wickham's Will, dated Apr. 19, 1780. Mentions daughter Anne Crooke; grandchildren, Charles Crooke, John Crooke, Rebecca Wickham, Catherine Dudley, William Crooke; son-in-law Robert Crooke; trustee friend, John Bourse; grandson William Crooke (the last three being the executors).

Estate of Miller Frost Wickham, Sept. 18, 1804. Samuel Wickham, of New York city administrator.

John Wickham's estate, July 8, 1805; his father Thomas Wickham administrator.

It should be noted that Robert Crooke was arrested during the American Revolution, because he would not take off his hat to the British General.—E. M. T.

QUESTIONS.

4220. BULL. ALLEN—Henry Bull of Newport, R. I., and Kingston, died land in Little Compton, in 1688.

November 27, to "my grandson Christopher Allen, and my granddaughter Elizabeth Allen." The land is described as follows: "being part of the three and twentieth lot in number 1, being twenty acres more or less, bounded on the east by land now belonging to John Price; west by the sea or bay; north by land of Jonathan Thurston; south by land belonging to John Rouse. A few years later, Christopher Allen sold that same piece of land to Jonathan Thurston, saying that he had 'good power, and lawful authority' to sell the property. This was dated Nov. 28, 1693, and Elizabeth, his wife, signed it, and released her right of thirds. Now the question is which of these two, Christopher and Elizabeth, was the own grandchild of Henry Bull, and which was related to him only by marriage? Christopher Allen had sister Elizabeth, who married Nathaniel Tompkins, in 1671, sister Mary who married Rowland Robinson, sister Mary, who married a Dunkin, brother Samuel and brother John. If Christopher was the own grandchild of Henry Bull, then all these brothers and sisters were also his grandchildren. If the wife Elizabeth was the own grandchild, then these others were not of this family. How could Christopher alone have sold that land decided jointly to him and his wife? Should not the second deed have been a joint one, or does this show that Elizabeth came in only because of her marriage? But who was the Elizabeth Allen who received a legacy to Henry Bull's will? Was she wife of Christopher, and why did not Christopher himself receive a legacy? If he were the grandchild? Who were the grandchildren who received that legacy? Would be glad to receive answers to a few of these questions.—E. M. T.

4221. SMITH—Who was Mary, the wife of Philip Smith, of Newport, R. I.? He was born 1634, died Dec. 6, 1700. She was born 1644, died Dec. 3, 1700.—S. B. R.

4222. DURFEE—Who was the wife of Thomas Durfee of Portsmouth, R. I., born 1648, died 1722.—S. B. R.

4223. TUCKER—Has any one found the ancestry of Elizabeth Tucker, wife of Daniel Pearce, of North Kingstown, R. I.? She died after 1728.—S. B. R.

4224. SPINK—Also who was Abigail, wife of Nicholas Spink, of North Kingstown, R. I.? He died 1738. What were the dates of her birth, marriage and death?—S. B. R.

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ANSWERS.

4183. CUTTRELL—I noticed a few days ago in your paper an item requesting information concerning the marriage of Nicholas Cottrell to Dorothy Pendleton, and their children's marriages and deaths.

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In January, 1710, Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., was appointed administrator of the estate of his father, Nicholas. Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., died in the summer of 1727, and his widow, Dorothy, was appointed administrator of her husband's estate, Nov. 18, 1727. She was living, at least as late as August, 1747, after which date all trace of her is lost, except that she was living at that time in Stonington, Conn. Their children were: Dorothy, baptized July 31, 1700, married Dec. 22, 1728; John Randall, Jr., son of John and Abigail (J.) Randall, of Stonington, Conn. Dorothy died prior to May, 1741, and her husband married again. Their children were Hannah, born July 18, 1728-29, and married Joshua Stanton; John, born Aug. 14, 1730; Abigail, born June 18, 1734, married Robert Egan; Esther, born June 18, 1735, married Elias Palmer.

On the 28th day of June, 1738, John Randall, Jr., and his wife Dorothy (Cottrell) Randall, for 50 pounds, deeded to Nicholas Cottrell, brother of the latter, their share in the real estate of Nicholas Cottrell, deceased, father to said Nicholas and Dorothy. Mary Cottrell, daughter of Nicholas and Dorothy (Pendleton) Cottrell, was baptized at Stonington, Conn., Aug. 19, 1711, married Dec. 17, 1730, Nathan Randall, son of John and Mary (Baldwin) Randall, and this Nathan Randall, born at Stonington, Conn., July 7, 1708, was half brother of the above John Randall who was married to Dorothy Cottrell.

Mary (Cottrell) Randall, (above mentioned), died at Westerly, Dec. 2, 1785, leaving children—Joseph Randall, born Sept. 8, 1733; Nathan Randall, born Oct. 10, 1735.

Eleanor Cottrell, daughter of Nicholas and Dorothy (Pendleton) Cottrell, was baptized at Stonington, Conn., June 12, 1713, married July 22, 1736, her brother-in-law, Nathan Randall, and she was living in 1738. Their children were Reuben, Amos, Dorothy, Eleanor, Amy, Peleg, Lydia, Nicholas and Jonas.

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After laboring under many difficulties and devoting a great deal of time to this subject a few years ago, these facts were ascertained for the purpose of proving the parentage of the persons above mentioned, for the reason that it was believed the facts were as herein disclosed; but because of the impossibility of obtaining many dates to corroborate such facts, as a last resort, the trace was obtained as herein given, after a diligent search in the land distance records in Westerly and Stonington. There is much more that could be given concerning this family, if one is disposed to give their time in searching the town records referred to. Having taken the pains to give this information, I would be pleased to know, as to whom the person or persons are who desire this information.—C. H. P. in Westerly, San.

Antone Sylvia of Portsmouth, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States district court. His liabilities amount to \$1,197.63. The assets consist of one item, "cash on hand held for me by John T. Gardner, Portsmouth, R. I., \$422." John T. Gardner who held funds amounting to \$422 belonging to said Sylvia, makes a correction in the figures, naming \$245.35 as the amount of money in his possession belonging to Mr. Sylvia.

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On the 28th day of June, 1738, John Randall, Jr., and his wife Dorothy (Cottrell) Randall, for 50 pounds, deeded to Nicholas Cottrell, brother of the latter, their share in the real estate of Nicholas Cottrell, deceased, father to said Nicholas and Dorothy. Mary Cottrell, daughter of Nicholas and Dorothy (Pendleton) Cottrell, was baptized at Stonington, Conn., Aug. 19, 1711, married Dec. 17, 1730, Nathan Randall, son of John and Mary (Baldwin) Randall, and this Nathan Randall, born at Stonington, Conn., July 7, 1708, was half brother of the above John Randall who was married to Dorothy Cottrell.

Mary (Cottrell) Randall, (above mentioned), died at Westerly, Dec. 2, 1785, leaving children—Joseph Randall, born Sept. 8, 1733; Nathan Randall, born Oct. 10, 1735.

Eleanor Cottrell, daughter of Nicholas and Dorothy (Pendleton) Cottrell, was baptized at Stonington, Conn., June 12, 1713, married July 22, 1736, her brother-in-law, Nathan Randall, and she was living in 1738. Their children were Reuben, Amos, Dorothy, Eleanor, Amy, Peleg, Lydia, Nicholas and Jonas.

On Jan. 27, 1738-39, Nathan Randall with wife Eleanor (Cottrell) Randall, for 50 pounds, sold to Nicholas Cottrell, his wife's brother, all their right in the estate of Nicholas Cottrell, deceased, father to said Nicholas and Eleanor.

Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., son of Nicholas and Dorothy (Pendleton) Cottrell, was baptized at Stonington, Conn., July 17, 1717; was married Oct. 3, 1735, to Rebecca Randall, daughter of John and Mary (Baldwin) Randall. On Jan. 28, 1738-39, Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., purchased of his brothers-in-law, John, Jr., and Nathan Randall, for 50 pounds, their shares in his father's estate. On Sept. 6, 1742, Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., with his wife Rebecca, for 150 pounds, deeded to John Randall 50 acres in Westerly.

March 18, 1746-47, Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., received from his brother, Joseph Cottrell, late of Westerly, an acknowledgment that the latter had received from the former his full share of the estate of their father, Nicholas Cottrell, late of said Westerly, deceased. Aug. 7, 1747, this same Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., for 3,000 pounds, deeded to John Chapman 700 acres in Westerly, which land is located at Borden's Pond, so called. The same day his mother, Dorothy Cottrell, for 50 pounds, released her dower in said tract of land.

Joseph Cottrell, son of Nicholas and Dorothy (Pendleton) Cottrell, was baptized in Stonington, Conn., Aug. 7, 1725. March 16, 1746-47, he gave to his brother Nicholas a receipt in full for his share in their father's estate. Aug. 17, 1750, Joseph Cottrell with his wife Mary conveyed 11 acres on the west side of Pawtucket river in Hopkinton for 300 pounds to Samuel Langworthy. At this time Joseph lived in Stonington, Conn., in the vicinity of Pendleton Hill. Their children are registered in the town of Stonington and some of his descendants now live at Mystic, Conn.

After laboring under many difficulties and devoting a great deal of time to this subject a few years ago, these facts were ascertained for the purpose of proving the parentage of the persons above mentioned, for the reason that it was believed the facts were as herein disclosed; but because of the impossibility of obtaining many dates to corroborate such facts, as a last resort, the trace was obtained as herein given, after a diligent search in the land distance records in Westerly and Stonington. There is much more that could be given concerning this family, if one is disposed to give their time in searching the town records referred to. Having taken the pains to give this information, I would be pleased to know, as to whom the person or persons are who desire this information.—C. H. P. in Westerly, San.

Antone Sylvia of Portsmouth, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States district court. His liabilities amount to \$1,197.63. The assets consist of one item, "cash on hand held for me by John T. Gardner, Portsmouth, R. I., \$422." John T. Gardner who held funds amounting to \$422 belonging to said Sylvia, makes a correction in the figures, naming \$245.35 as the amount of money in his possession belonging to Mr. Sylvia.

4221. SMITH—Who was Mary, the wife of Philip Smith, of Newport, R. I.? He was born 1634, died Dec. 6, 1700. She was born 1644, died Dec. 3, 1700.—S. B. R.

4222. DURFEE—Who was the wife of Thomas Durfee of Portsmouth, R. I., born 1648, died 1722.—S. B. R.

4223. TUCKER—Has any one found the ancestry of Elizabeth Tucker, wife of Daniel Pearce, of North Kingstown, R. I.? She died after 1728.—S. B. R.

4224. SPINK—Also who was Abigail, wife of Nicholas Spink, of North Kingstown, R. I.? He died 1738. What were the dates of her birth, marriage and death?—S. B. R.

4225. NEWTON—Who was Martha, wife of Captain Thomas Newton of Boston, Mass., and Bristol, R. I.? She is mentioned in deeds, but evidently died before he made his will. Is he the same Thomas Newton who married Jo Smith, his son John, also a Mariner, who married Ann Davis, daughter of Simon.—E. M. T.

4226. COMBICK—Who was Amy, wife of Oliver Comstock, of Smithfield, R. I., who died after 1791. He was born 1709, died 1801. When were they married?—A. M. D.

4227. CUTTRELL—I noticed a few days ago in your paper an item requesting information concerning the marriage of Nicholas Cottrell to Dorothy Pendleton, and their children's marriages and deaths.

Nicholas Cottrell was married to Dorothy Pendleton near the year 1700, and his wife was admitted to membership in the Stonington church the 21th of July, 1709. On Jan. 9, 1709-10, Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., became, with John Lewis, surety on the bond of Hannah Pendleton and her son Caleb, executors of the will of Capt. James Pendleton, deceased. Will Walker, who was married to Eleanor Pendleton, sister of Nicholas, wife Dorothy, having died intestate in 1713, left surviving him an only child, Sarah Walker. Nicholas Cottrell, Jr., was appointed, in 1713, administrator of this estate, and ordered to pay 7 pounds and 10 shillings to widow Hannah Pendleton, the child's grandmother, until the child reached the age of seven years.

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Cold Facts.

A refrigerator is the most important piece of furniture in your home during the summer months. Your appetite, your health, your comfort, all depend on it. Try doing without one a few hot days, if you don't think it soft butter, soft fruit, turned milk and the like don't sound very good do they? Get

THE BEST REFRIGERATOR THAT'S MADE.

Everybody has the best. Just stop up your ears, then go around and study each one carefully. Oh! If you'll do that every household would have one.

The Ranney.

The stock that's used, the way it's put together, its convenience for keeping sweet and clean, its manner of protecting the ice from the heat, each help bring about this grand result—will keep a decent piece of ice 90 hours and keep the air in the food chamber so dry that even sulphur matches can find no moisture.

Will any other make do the same? Not much. Family size \$11.50.

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